

When I am a Boy.

MRS E. A. HAWKINS.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am lazy and shirk
My work upon some one that's smaller,
The chances are good
I shall do the same thing
When I have grown older and taller.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am always behind,
And never make any advances,
When I am a man,
Some one else, and not I,
Will be sure to get all the best chances.

If I use, when a boy,
Cigarettes and talk slang,
Without either thinking or caring,
You will probably find me,
When I am a man,
Chewing navy tobacco and swearing.

If, when I'm a boy,
I drink cider and beer,
And persist, against reason and warning,
You may find me in rags,
And as drunk as a sot,
Fast asleep in the gutter some morning.

Now that's not the kind
Of a man I would make;
The world has too many already;
So I will begin,
Right away, while a boy,
To be temperate, honest and steady.

The Voice Within.

A little Quaker girl one day
Paused in her busy round of play
As her dear mother came that way.

"May I?" she said, as soft and clear
She whispered in her mother's ear,
So low that no one else could hear.

Her mother answered, as she smiled:
"By nothing wrong be thou beguiled;
What says the voice within thee, child?"

The little Quaker went her way;
Soon back she came, I heard her say:
"The little voice within says 'Nay.'"

Oh, children, heed the voice within;
The little voice your hearts would win,
And keep your feet from paths of sin.

Robbie's Victory.

Rob Preston put on his coat and hat
and came out of school very slowly,
with a perplexed, troubled look on his
bright, sunny face. Some of the boys
were already outside, and were whis-
pering and laughing about something.
Rob evidently knew what it was, but
had no wish to join in it: still, instead
of hurrying away as he might have
done, he lingered irresolutely.

The truth was Robbie was fighting a
real battle within himself. There was
a new scholar in school, little Annie
Hoffman. Her father was a miserable
drunkard, and they were poor as poor
could be. Her mother had done her
best; but poor little Annie was a pitiful
sight in her faded, outgrown, ragged
garments.

Rob had discovered in some way
that a few of the rougher, more
thoughtless boys were proposing to
make some fun for themselves when
she came out of school to go home,
and all the afternoon his conscience
had been pleading earnestly with him.
"You ought to try to stop them,"
it said.

"But they would not hear a word
from a little boy like me," he answer-
ed. "Then you must help Annie. The
poor little thing will be frightened if
they laugh at her." Then they will
laugh at me," said Robbie; and he
fairly shivered with dismay at the mere
thought of the shout they would give
if he showed himself Annie's champion.

"Well, suppose they do laugh,"
answered conscience, pitilessly: "if
you are mamma's little man, oughtn't
you to be brave enough to bear that?
You were wishing the other day that
you could do something brave and
good: here is a chance for you. If
you cannot do this little thing, you
would not be very apt to do anything
great."

So this afternoon had passed, and
now Rob must decide one way or the
other; but it seemed to him that he
was no nearer a decision than at first.

"We'll have some prime fun," he
heard Tom Rogers say. "She's the
greatest-looking object I've seen for
her age."

"Hullo there!" he called out, as
Annie appeared in the doorway: "is
that a rag-bag I see walking around?"

The little group around Tom shouted
as he spoke, and Rob's face grew crim-
son with pain for Annie and for him-
self.

"Don't, please, boys," he said
pleadingly: "she isn't to blame, and
it will make her feel so bad to be
laughed at."

"Oh, run home, little Molly Coddle,"
said Tom, contemptuously: "it will
take more than you to stop me."

Rob walked on a few steps. What
should he do? Oh, dear, why couldn't
he go right home? He could not stop
them, they would probably only laugh
the more if he did anything.

"But Annie will feel as if she had a
friend."

"I can't," said Rob, with a little
choke; and, boy that he was, his eyes
filled with tears as he turned toward
the gate.

"O Rob Preston, I'm ashamed of
you," said the faithful inward monitor.
"How shall you feel when mamma
takes your face between her hands to
give you your goodnight kiss, and calls
you her little laddie? Will you want
to look up into her face? Won't you
feel ashamed to think what a coward
you have been? Shall you want to
tell her about it? O Robbie, be
mamma's brave little laddie."

There was just a minute's hesitation
then Robbie turned and went quickly
up to the steps where Annie stood,
quivering with fear.

"Come with me, Annie, I'm going
your way," he said; and Annie caught
hold of his hand instantly.

"I'm so afraid," she almost sobbed.
"I'm never coming again. I didn't
want to to-day, but mother cried and
wanted me to."

"I'll tell you," said Robbie, reassur-
ingly: "we will go right to my home,
and tell my mamma. She always knows
just what to do."

So they went bravely down the walk;
and, though the boys tried to laugh,
they could not make much of a success
of it. Somehow, Robbie's sweet, wis-
tful face touched them.

"He was a plucky little fellow,"
said one, after the two had gone.

"Yes, and more of a gentleman
than any of us, if we are older," said
another.

Mother soothed and comforted little
Annie, and sent her home happy, with
one of her own Annie's outgrown
dresses that just fitted her, and a
promise to come and see her mother.

When she had gone, mamma stooped
and kissed Robbie.

"My own precious laddie, my little
man," she said fondly.

"But I wasn't brave at first. I
wanted to run away like a coward,
only I thought of you, and how
ashamed I should be to have you know
about it," said Rob.

"That was right, dear; but remem-
ber God sees and knows always.
Mamma might not, perhaps; but we
cannot hide anything from him. Think
of that when you are tempted. We
must try very hard not to do anything
we are ashamed or sorry to have God
know, mustn't we?"

"I'll try; but, O mamma, some-
times it is so hard even to do right in
little bits of things."

"I know, laddie dear; but remem-
ber, we can always have help if we ask
for it."—National Baptist.

A Wise Decision.

Years ago, a young man, working
his own way through college, took
charge of a district school in Massa-
chusetts during the winter term. Three
boys especially engaged his attention
and interest. They were bright, wide-
awake lads, kept together in their
classes, and were never tardy.

One night he asked them to remain
after school was dismissed. They came
up to the desk, and stood in a row,
waiting, with some anxiety, to know
why they had been kept.

"Boys," said the teacher, "I want
you to go to college, all three of you."

"Go to college?" If he had said,
"Go to Central Africa," they could
not have been more astonished. The
idea had never entered their minds.

"Yes," continued their teacher: "I
know you are surprised, but you can
do it as well as I. Go home; think it
over, talk it over, and come to me
again."

The three boys were poor. Their
parents had all they could do to feed
and clothe them decently, and allow
them a term of schooling in the winter.
One was the son of a shoemaker;
another came from a large family, and
the farm that supported them was
small and unproductive.

The boys stood still for a moment in
pure amazement. Then they looked
at each other, and around the old
school-house. The fire was going out
in the box-stove. The frost was settl-
ing thick upon the window-pane. As
the teacher took out his watch, the
ticking sounded loud and distinct
through the stillness of the room.

Nothing more was said, though the
four walked out together.

The third night after this conversa-
tion, the boys asked the "master" to
wait. Again the three stood at the
desk: one spoke for all,—"We've
thought it over; and we've decided to
go."

"Good!" said the teacher. "A
boy can do anything that he sets out
to do, if it is right, and he can ask
God's blessing upon it. You shall
begin to study this winter with college
in view."

Twenty years later, two of these
boys shook hands together in the State
capital. One was Clerk of the House
for eight years, and afterwards its
Speaker. The other was President of
the Senate. The third boy amassed a
fortune in business.

The shoemaker's son, who became
Speaker of the House, made his own
shoes that he wore in college, and was

particularly proud of the boots in
which he graduated,—his own handi-
work. "A better pair of French
calf," he declares, "you never saw."
He learned the trade from his father,
and followed it through vacations.
The other boys found work to do out-
side of term-time, and none of the
three were helped by their parents
during the college course.

The teacher who gave the first im-
pulse to their intellectual life that
winter became a judge in one of our
New England cities, and died a few
years ago.—Chris. Register.

How to Mix Paints for Tints.

Red and black make brown.
Lake and white make rose.
White and brown make chestnut.
White, blue, and lake make purple.
Blue and lead-color make pearl.
White and carmine make pink.
Indigo and lamp-black make silver
gray.

White and lamp black make lead-
color.
Black and venetian red make choco-
late.

White and green make bright green.
Purple and white make French
white.

Light green and black make dark
green.
White and green make pea-green.
White and emerald green make
brilliant green.

Red and yellow make orange.
White and yellow make straw-color.
White, blue, and black make pearl
gray.

White, lake, and vermilion make
flesh color.
Amber, white, and venetian red
make drab.

White, yellow, and venetian red
make cream.
Red, blue, black and red make
olive.

Yellow, white, and a little venetian
red make buff.

Puzzles, Young, Charades,
Enigmas, etc. etc. etc.

Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLERS' PASTIME

"Not slothful in business; fervent in
spirit, serving the Lord."

The Mystery Solved.—No. 15.

No. 76.—"And the days that David
reigned over Israel were forty years."

No. 77.—Isa. 57:15. No. 78.—
Susan.

No. 79.—Top, tares, Toronto,
penny, sty.

No. 80.—King, idea, near, garb.

No. 81.—Twenty. No. 82.—Coral,
coal.

No. 83.—"Half a leap is a fall into
the ditch."

The Mystery.—No. 18.

No. 99.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.

Primals and finals name two flowers.
Mentioned in one verse—emblems of
Christ.

1. To what woman did Jacob say
that he was her father's brother?

2. Whose daughter was Athaliah?

3. Who did the servants of Achish
say had slain his thousands?

4. How did David ask leave of
Jonathan to run to Bethlehem?

No. 100.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Heret netw pu a moske tuo fo sh
rnostils dan rñe tou fo sh hount
vedroude locas rewe dinkde yb it."

No. 101.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY LAURA B. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)

o. A vowel.
o o o o An insect.
o o o o A girl's name.
o o o To fasten.
o A letter.

No. 102.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY WESLEY CLARK, Woodstock.)

In flint, not in stone;
In iron, not in tin;
In common, not in rare;
In road, not in law;
In won't not in will;
In can, not in jug.
Whole is a large city.

No. 103.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PANSY," F'ton Junction.)

In top, not in bottom;
In easy, not in hard;
In answer, not in question;
In pot, not in can;
In old, not in young;
In eight, not in nine;
My whole is a common dish.

No. 104.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

... An animal.
... Partly open.
... An alloy.
... To run.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

WORD-HUNT LISTS have been re-
ceived from Birdie Laskie, Brooklyn,
N. S., and Eliza A. M. Marshall,
Paradise, N. S.

BIRDIE L. solves all in No. 15.
ANNIE R., Carleton, N. S., solves
all in No. 15, save No. 83.

WESLEY CLARK, Woodstock, has our
thanks for puzzles. Nos. 71 and 74
correctly solved.

LAURA B. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.,
will accept thanks for nice puzzles.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will
also receive our thanks for the nice
puzzles and the poetry. Poetry, etc.,
for the press should be written on one
side of the paper only. It saves
trouble, and often confusion and errors.

LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.,
has our hearty thanks for the nice
batch of puzzles. Nos. 65, 66, 69, 71,
74, 76, 77, 78, 80 and 83 correctly
answered.

"PANSY," F'ton Junction, also has
thanks for the choice puzzles. Nos.
76 and 78 are answered rightly.

L. F. BARNES, Perth Centre, has
Nos. 76, 77, 78 and 79 correctly re-
vealed.

We are pleased to note the increase
of correspondence this issue. We
welcome all. Yet there is room. Who
will we hear from next?

PERTH CENTRE, VIC. CO.,
April 11th, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am very much
interested in the Y. F. C., and I
thought I would like to send a few
answers to puzzles. This is my first
attempt, and if they are right please
publish them and I will try to do better
next time. I am twelve years old. I
go to school and I have only lost two
days and a half this term.

I remain, your niece,
LULA F. BARNES.

[You did exceedingly well. Try
again, and send some puzzles. Glad
to learn of your diligence at school.
Success awaits the persevering one.
With best wishes.—UNCLE NED.]

OUR RECITER.

NEVER MIND.

(CONTRIBUTED BY CARRIE WADE,
CROSS CREEK.)

What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on and never mind.

Travel onwards, working, hoping,
Cast no lingering look behind
At the trials once encountered—
Look ahead and never mind.

What is past is past forever,
Let all fretting be resigned,
It will never help the matter
Do your best and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty
Look to Heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real nature
Pass them by and never mind.

Fates may threaten, clouds may lower
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast
He will help you never mind.

There is comfort for the man with a
prematurely gray beard in Bucking-
ham's Dye, because it never fails to
color an even brown or black as may be
desired.

The superior merit of Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral as an anodyne expectorant is
due to a skillful combination of the
most powerful ingredients. Nothing
like it has ever been attempted in
pharmacy, and its success in the cure
of pulmonary complaints is unparal-
leled.

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table Worm Syrup; it is not only ex-
ceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy
for all kinds of these pests. Look out
for imitations. Get McLean's, the
original and only genuine.

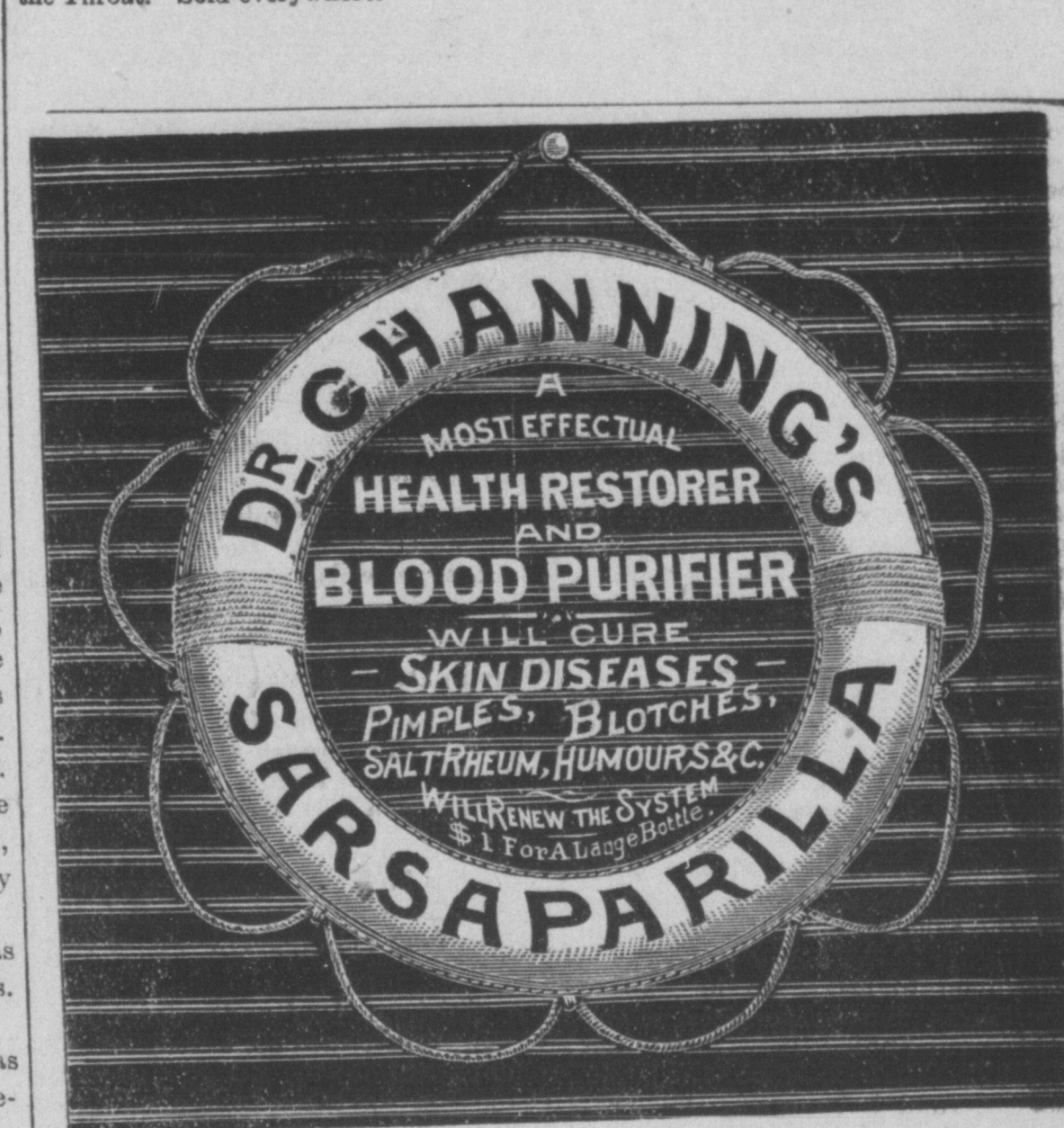
THE OPINION OF AN INSURANCE MAN.

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